# John Andrew Martin

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM COLORADO

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
DELIVERED IN CONGRESS

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U. S. 76th Cong., 3d sess., 1940. House.

# Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

# John Andrew Martin

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM COLORADO

Seventy-sixth Congress
Third Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
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# Biography

JOHN ANDREW MARTIN was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10, 1868; moved with his parents to Fulton, Mo., in 1872; attended the public schools of Mexico and Fulton, Mo.; moved with his parents to Kansas in 1884 and worked on a farm; moved to Colorado in 1887; employed on railroad construction work and as a locomotive fireman 1887–1894; member of the City Council of La Junta in 1895 and 1896, and published the La Junta Times during the same period; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1896, and commenced practice in Pueblo, Colo., in 1897; member of the State house of representatives in 1901 and 1902; city attorney in 1905 and 1906; elected as a Democrat to the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses (March 4, 1909–March 3, 1913); declined to be a candidate for reelection in 1912; resumed the practice of law; again city attorney in 1916 and 1917, when he resigned; during the World War recruited a volunteer battalion, in which he enlisted as a private and was commissioned major on the muster in of the battalion, serving as commanding officer of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Supply Train, Fortieth Division; resumed the practice of law in Pueblo, Colo.; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses and served from March 4, 1933, until his death in Washington, D. C., December 23, 1939; interment in Mountain View Cemetery, Pueblo, Colo.

## In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *March 25, 1940.*

Mr. BULWINKLE. Mr. Speaker, I have sent to the Clerk's desk the usual resolution providing for memorial services for deceased Members of Congress to be held on Wednesday, April 24, and I ask its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

House Resolution 437

*Resolved,* That on Wednesday, the 24th day of April 1940, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the third session of the Seventy-sixth Congress, on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

# Memorial Services
in the
# House of Representatives

Seventy-sixth Congress
Third Session

# Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:15 to 11:45)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer------ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation--------- The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Scripture reading and prayer---------- The Chaplain

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)---------- Thomas L. Thomas

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

The Living God (Geoffrey O'Hara)---------- Bill Perry

Address---------- Hon. Harry P. Beam
Representative from the State of Illinois

Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth (Felix Mendelssohn)-
Bill Perry

Address---------- Hon. Roy O. Woodruff
Representative from the State of Michigan

The Old Rugged Cross (Bennard)---------- Thomas L. Thomas

Taps---------- Winfred Kemp

Benediction---------- The Chaplain

# John Andrew Martin

## Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *April 24, 1940.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name—Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*The eternal God is Thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.*

*Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.*

*Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life; He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whosoever believeth in Me shall never die.*

*The righteous live forever and the care of them is with the Most High: With His right hand shall He cover them and with His arm shall He shield them.*

*For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*

*Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations, before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hast formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy*

*sight are as yesterday when they are past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; They are as a sleep; In the morning they are like grass which groweth up; In the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us and establish the works of our hands upon us; Yea, the works of our hands establish Thou it.*

*Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know. Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way. Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the future years.
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

Oh, Thou in whose presence our souls take delight, on whom in affliction we call, Thou wert our fathers' God. In the darkness Thou gavest them light, in danger, succor, and in uncertainty, guidance. The light of Thy word was their inspiration, "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." O let us hear the carol in the clouds, view the rock amid the waves, and see the star in the valley. Lead us, oh, Christ, in the toilsome way of Gethsemane and Calvary, and in all our needs give us strength and grace. Bless Thou the memory of those who have wrought well and passed on. Unto all hearts that are bowed down today, minister unto them the comfort and the consolations of Thy richest blessings.

We are reminded, dear Lord, that our days are swiftly passing by. Yesterday we were not, tomorrow we shall be gone. O how changing are the fortunes of life—laughter and tears, melody and lamentation. Mid the fleeing shadows, O may the good angels sing the song of hope in every breast. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Mr. Thomas L. Thomas sang "There Is No Death," by Geoffrey O'Hara.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Roger M. Calloway, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

MARVEL MILLS LOGAN, a Senator from the State of Kentucky: Lawyer; educator; county attorney, Edmonson County, 1902–03; Attorney General of Kentucky, 1916–17; Judge, Kentucky Court of Appeals, 1926–31; Chief Justice, 1931; chairman Democratic State Convention, 1916; elected to the United States Senate in 1930, and again in 1936. Died October 3, 1939.

WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH, a Senator from the State of Idaho: Lawyer; distinguished orator; member of the Republican National Committee, 1908–12; delegate, Republican National Convention, 1912; elected to the United States Senate in 1907, and served 32 years and 10 months; was chairman of the Senate Committees on Foreign Relations, and Education and Labor; dean of the Senate from 1933 until the day of his death, January 19, 1940.

BERT LORD, Thirty-fourth Congressional District of New York: Merchant; member New York Assembly, 1915–22, 1924–29; motor vehicle commissioner for the State of New York, 1921–23; State Senator, 1929–35; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died May 24, 1939.

EMMETT MARSHALL OWEN, Fourth Congressional District of Georgia: Lawyer; member, Georgia Legislature, 1902–06; solicitor, City Court of Zebulon, 1908–12; Solicitor General, Flint Judicial Circuit, 1913–23; Solicitor General, Griffin Judicial Circuit, 1923–33; Member of the Seventy-third and each succeeding Congress. Died June 21, 1939.

HARRY WILBUR GRISWOLD, Third Congressional District of Wisconsin: Farmer; educator; member, State Board of Vocational Education, 1930–36; served in the State Senate from 1932 to 1936; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died July 4, 1939.

SAMUEL DAVIS MCREYNOLDS, Third Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of the State of Tennessee, 1903–22; Member of the Sixty-eighth and each succeeding Congress; American delegate to the International Monetary and Economic Conference, in London, 1933; chairman, Committee on Foreign Affairs. Died July 11, 1939.

THOMAS MARION EATON, Eighteenth Congressional District of California: Businessman; educator; served in the United States Navy during the World War; member, City Council, Long Beach, Calif., 1934–36; mayor of Long Beach, 1936–38; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died September 16, 1939.

THOMAS SANDERS MCMILLAN, First Congressional District of South Carolina: Farmer; educator; member, South Carolina House of Representatives, 1916–24; speaker, 1923–24; Member of the Sixty-ninth and each succeeding Congress; member of the Committee on Appropriations. Died September 29, 1939.

CHESTER CASTLE BOLTON, Twenty-second Congressional District of Ohio: Businessman; captain, United States Army Reserve Corps, serving successively with the War Industries Board, aide to the Assistant Secretary of War, and on the General Staff of the War Department; lieutenant colonel, Assistant Chief of Staff of the One Hundred and First Division; member of the Ohio Senate, 1923–28; Member of the Seventy-first and each succeeding Congress. Died October 29, 1939.

JAMES WILLIS TAYLOR, Second Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; postmaster, La Follette, Tenn., 1904–09; mayor of La Follette, 1910–13; insurance commissioner, State of Tennessee, 1913–14; chairman, Republican State Executive Committee, 1917–18; Member of the Sixty-sixth and each succeeding Congress; ranking

minority member of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Died November 14, 1939.

CARL EDGAR MAPES, Fifth Congressional District of Michigan: Lawyer; member, Michigan House of Representatives, 1905–07; member, State Senate, 1909–13; elected to the Sixty-third and each succeeding Congress; ranking minority member of the Committees on Rules and on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Died December 12, 1939.

WILLIAM IRVING SIROVICH, Fourteenth Congressional District of New York: Physician and surgeon; fellow, American College of Surgeons, 1924; awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, Columbia University Alumni Association, 1932; Member of the Seventieth and each succeeding Congress; chairman of the Committee on Patents. Died December 17, 1939.

JOHN ANDREW MARTIN, Third Congressional District of Colorado: Lawyer, editor; soldier; member, Colorado Assembly, 1901–02; Pueblo city attorney, 1905–07; Member of the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses, retiring voluntarily; during the World War served as a major, Fortieth Division; Member of the Seventy-third and each succeeding Congress. Died December 23, 1939.

WILLIAM ALBERT ASHBROOK, Seventeenth Congressional District of Ohio: Editor; banker; farmer; publisher of the Johnstown Independent since 1885; postmaster, Johnstown, 1893–97; member, Ohio House of Representatives, 1904–05; Member of the Sixtieth through the Sixty-sixth Congresses, also the Seventy-fourth and each succeeding Congress. Died January 1, 1940.

GEORGE HENRY HEINKE, First Congressional District of Nebraska: Lawyer; graduate, University of Nebraska, 1908; county attorney, Otoe County, 1919–23, 1927–35; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress; served on the Committees on Election of the President, Vice President, and Representatives in Congress; Labor; and the Territories. Died January 2, 1940.

WALLACE EDGAR PIERCE, Thirty-first Congressional District of New York: Lawyer; member, New York Bar Association; member, New York Assembly, 1917–19; chairman, Clinton County Republican Committee; member, New York State Republican Committee; elected to the Seventy-sixth Congress; served on the Committee on the Judiciary. Died January 3, 1940.

EDWARD WALTER CURLEY, Twenty-second Congressional District of New York: Builder and contractor; member of the Board of Aldermen, New York City, 1916–35; chairman or ranking member

of all major committees of the board; elected to the Seventy-fourth and each succeeding Congress; member of the Committees on Labor, Civil Service, Election of the President, Vice President, and Representatives in Congress; and Invalid Pensions. Died January 6, 1940.

CASSIUS CLAY DOWELL, Sixth Congressional District of Iowa: Lawyer; member, Iowa House of Representatives, 1894–98; member, State senate, 1902–12; Member of the Sixty-fourth through the Seventy-third, Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth Congresses; ranking minority member of the Committee on the Territories. Died February 4, 1940.

CLYDE HAROLD SMITH, Second Congressional District of Maine: Educator; member, State house of representatives, 1899–1903, 1919–23; State senator, 1923–29; chairman, State Highway Commission, 1928–32; member, Governor's Council, Fourth District, 1933–37; elected to the Seventy-fifth and the Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died April 8, 1940.

SANTIAGO IGLESIAS, a Resident Commissioner from the Territory of Puerto Rico: Labor organizer; editor; founder of the Free Federation of Workingmen in Puerto Rico, 1898; member, Puerto Rican senate, 1917–32; edited the Porvenir Social, 1898–1900, Union Obera, 1903–06 and Justicia, 1914–25; Resident Commissioner from 1932 until his death December 5, 1939.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Mr. Bill Perry sang "The Living God," by Geoffrey O'Hara.

Hon. HARRY P. BEAM, a Representative from the State of Illinois, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. HARRY P. BEAM

Mr. BEAM. Mr. Speaker, today we assemble in solemn conclave to pay honor and tribute to our dead. No question of state or parliamentary controversy can disturb the tranquillity of the occasion as we recall with fond and happy recollection the close and intimate association we enjoyed

in the crucible of public service with our departed colleagues, who now rest forever in the calm and peaceful bosom of eternity.

Of all the events in life, death, with its mysterious realism, is the most startling and dramatic. No one can stand in its awful presence and not be moved to a deeper and more abiding solicitude for the rights of our fellow man; nor can one encounter its grim realities without becoming more tolerant, more sympathetic, more understanding of the frailties of human nature and without a deeper conscientious realization of our own imperfection and mortality.

How fleeting is time and how transitory and temporal is the applause of the people or the honors and dignities conferred upon man in the short span of human life. And what a stern realization of that fact have we before us today, as we listen in vain for voices we knew so well to respond to the roll call who but a short yesterday were active participators in the deliberations of our body and wielded vast and far-reaching influence in the formation of the legislative program of the Nation.

> Away. We know that tears are vain,
> That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
> Will this unteach us to complain?
> Or make one mourner weep the less?
> And thou, who tellst me to forget,
> Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Our colleagues whose untimely passing we commemorate today were privileged to serve their country during some of the most crucial and fateful years in the history of the Republic.

During their official service as Members of the Congress of the United States they viewed with alarm and deep concern the grave uncertainty and distress which engulfed the citizenship of our land. During those early days of the depression they observed their fellow citizens in mass formation storm the very doors of the Nation's Capitol, demanding food

and shelter for themselves and for their families. They witnessed the bankruptcy of agriculture, the prostration of business, the failure of thousands of banking institutions throughout the land, the foreclosure of countless homes and farms, the sorry and desperate plight of the wage earner and the farmer, and the prevailing fear and trepidation which seemed to strike at the very heart and sinews of our American national life.

Our departed colleagues, with undismayed courage and a high conception of American statesmanship faced their grave responsibility and contributed generously and unreservedly of their sagacious counsel, and their profound knowledge and wisdom, in devising ways and means to remedy these oppressing conditions and to relieve the circumstances which were well-nigh overwhelming the moral courage and grim fortitude of our people.

They were active participators in the great emergency program to revive agriculture, to furnish governmental aid, and financial assistance to business and industry, and to restore confidence and security in our banking system. They actively assisted in the enactment of laws to alleviate the suffering of our citizens and were contributors to all social legislation for the welfare of the poor and underprivileged of our land.

Our departed colleagues were privileged to serve in the Congress of the United States during the rise of the dictators and witnessed the tremendous growth of the nefarious doctrines of communism and nazi-ism, and saw them become the dominant policy and religion, so to speak, of countless numbers of heretofore God-fearing men and women of great nations of the world.

They observed in their lifetime the war clouds again hover over the nations of Europe, threatening to engulf the entire world once more in conflagration. They witnessed the march of the highly mechanized and modernized armies of the dictators against countries ill-equipped for war, and by fire and sword saw them conquer and destroy nations, subject their

citizens to a lifetime of sorrow and misery, and bury forever the last vestige of hope for liberty and freedom for untold millions of human beings.

Robert Ingersoll, appearing before the tomb of Napoleon, expressed himself in the following words:

I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

I pause and wonder, my fellow colleagues, when at some time in the future, when these dictators who have caused the pangs of war to again cloud the happiness and peace of the world are summoned to embark on that fateful voyage, from which no traveler returneth, what complacency of thought, what peace of mind and heart can be theirs. When the very shrouds which enwrap their cold and lifeless clay shall be drenched with the blood and tears of countless numbers of human beings, decreed by them to a vale of misery, suffering, famine, pestilence, and death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor—victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

What a sad commentary of fate that in this age of enlightenment, of intellectual development, of cultural advancement, and of great scientific discoveries—all for the happiness and betterment of mankind—that the people of the world should again be plunged into the horrors and terrors of war, with all the resulting suffering and misery therein entailed.

From the sad plight and appalling despair of these unfortunate nations, let us resolve that, from the hallowed ashes of our departed colleagues, never again shall we vote to plunge America into a foreign holocaust of war, or ever again consecrate any foreign soil with the lifeblood of our American youth, to save or preserve the integrity of any foreign monarchy, dynasty, or power.

America will fight only for America, and to keep inviolate our priceless heritage of liberty and freedom, and the preservation of our democratic form of government.

These were the ideals, my fellow citizens, our departed colleagues cherished and sustained in their lifetime, and for the love of which they nobly laid down their lives. As distinguished Members of Congress, they served their country loyally and well, and carved their names high in the annals of American statesmanship. They enjoyed the love and affection of their fellow citizens, and the respect and esteem of their fellow Members of Congress. They have left to their loved ones, and to the Nation, a noble heritage of honor and glory upon the altar of public service.

This is the last time the names of our departed colleagues will ever be officially called from the floor of the Congress of the United States. No more shall we disturb the tranquillity of their slumber; no more shall we derange the peace and calm of their repose; but, with the hallowed love and enduring affection of the Congress of the United States, and the entire Nation, we reconsecrate their tombs with the fervent hopes and prayers of all America that from their noble and revered spirits we may rededicate our efforts to keep aglow the torch of liberty and freedom they so valiantly and patriotically carried in the service of their country, and which they now pass on to us, unsullied and undefiled.

Their love of country, their ardor and devotion to their Nation's welfare, their nobility of character have forever enshrined their memory in a diadem of perpetual light, which will glow, with ever-increasing splendor, in the hearts of their fellow countrymen, long after monuments of granite and

stone have crumbled into dust and decay; and so, with all our heartfelt affection, compassion, and reverence, we fondly say, "Farewell, our beloved colleagues; farewell forever":

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

Mr. Bill Perry sang "Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth" (Felix Mendelssohn).

Hon. ROY O. WOODRUFF, a Representative from the State of Michigan, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. ROY O. WOODRUFF, OF MICHIGAN

Mr. WOODRUFF of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, again there has come that day which we dedicate to our colleagues who have crossed over to that mystic realm from which no traveler returns.

Our hearts, of course, are full of thoughts which cannot be expressed in words, and of feelings which we do not even wish to voice here.

The passing of a colleague brings to each and every one of us not only grief at the severing of associations but a somber pondering on the meaning of this enigma of human existence. The mortal sense of life would make of man little more than the grass of the fields, flourishing for a brief season, and then withering away. Compared to eternity the human span is but a twinkling. We are apt to forget that billions of individuals have come and gone; millions who are now living will, in no great stretch of time, join the silent majority.

One may well wonder sometimes whether we take ourselves too seriously on this tiny grain of sand whirling through space in the company of millions of other planets, making up the galaxies of the universe. When we stop to realize by what a narrow margin we cling to that which we call life, we wonder not that some of our colleagues have gone from us, but that more have not gone.

And yet, Mr. Speaker, there is more to life than death. It is inconceivable in logic that those who have toiled here with us, that those who gave of their best to the cause of government, that those who lived and studied and worked and planned for the welfare of their country, their fellow men, and their more immediate loved ones should cease to be when the shadow of death descended over them.

There is no possible human logic to justify any conclusion that death ends the activity of those we have known and loved. An all-powerful, all-wise, all-loving ever-present Creative Intelligence would fulfill no purpose in creating human identities to be born to work, and strive, and laugh, and cry for a brief, fevered instant on this earth, only to pass out and to return to a state of nonbeing. That would be like a child building up a mound of sand but to sweep it away the next instant.

Every tenet of religious faith, every tenet of philosophy, every tenet of logic, every tenet of human hope bids us to be of good cheer because our colleagues, having passed beyond our ken, are not forever blotted out but live on and work on.

None can explain the mystery of death. We can hope. None can reason how or why our colleagues should have been called, except that that is the way of the flesh. But there is vast consolation, Mr. Speaker, in the hope and the faith that our colleagues, somewhere, in some happier realm, labor on, rising ever upward in their striving to attain truth.

So, instead of grieving, I think we can find it in our hearts today to be grateful to infinite love that we were permitted to know our colleagues, to be associated with them, to work with them, and to cherish their memories as we hope those left behind when we go will cherish memories of us.

That great philosopher, that kindly gentleman, that able Justice of the Supreme Court, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, once put into words the hope and the faith that I would voice to you here today. Said he:

I was walking homeward on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury, and as I looked beyond Sherman's statue to the west the

sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. But, like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the skyline there came from little globes the pallid discord of electric lights, and I thought to myself the Gotterdammerung will end, and from those globes clustered like evil eggs will come the new masters of the sky. It is like the time in which we live. But, then, I remembered the faith that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought, and more than thought, inside of it, and as I gazed, after the sunset, and above the electric lights, there shone the stars.

And something else that great jurist said I want to repeat to you. It was this:

I think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it has never seen but is to be—that man may have cosmic destinies that he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

Who is to say that out of the depth of his wisdom, gained from his lifelong study of profound truths, Oliver Wendell Holmes may not have been right—that man may have cosmic destinies he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth we may catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

It is this beautiful star of human hope, shining above the pallid glare of earth's electric lights, in the blue sky of a universe in which there is thought, and more than thought, that carries us through the storms and the stresses and the sorrows and the sicknesses, and enables us to bear the thought of the parting at death.

It seems to be, Mr. Speaker, the common fate of kings and beggars, of just and unjust, of saint and sinner, that each of us shall sometime embark upon that journey from earth to the far yonder shores of an unknown eternity.

If we believe that death is the end of those personalities whom we have known and loved as our colleagues, then, indeed, is death a truly dreadful event. If, however, we are to believe that those who have preceded us on that mystical journey, clinging to the hand of the Saviour, consciously

trusting in the infinite love of the Creator, are going on to other tasks—higher tasks, mayhap—then death is not the end, but the beginning of life.

So, then, as our hearts today are sad, as our thoughts are somber, as we find in our breasts an aching longing for the touch of hands that have vanished and the sound of voices now stilled, it is rather because of our own loneliness that we grieve, the loss of championship and association that we miss, than for any fear or any belief that our departed and beloved colleagues have been blotted out, or condemned to some oblivion.

Why, Mr. Speaker, what would be the purpose of life, what would be the use of this human struggle, what would be the use of our efforts, what purpose would we serve by our tears or our smiles, if the grave were the end of it all? Ah, no, life is eternal. We must progress onward and upward until we become more aware of that image and likeness in which we are created.

And, so, Mr. Speaker, let us be firm in the hope; let us find comfort in the thought, that our dear departed colleagues have moved further along toward their cosmic destinies which they may not understand, and, as Holmes so beautifully said, beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth, that they have realized that peace of which we here may catch but a dreaming glimpse.

Mr. Thomas L. Thomas sang "The Old Rugged Cross," by Bennard.

Mr. Winfred Kemp, principal musician, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded taps.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

# Memorial Addresses
on
# John Andrew Martin

# Memorial Addresses

## Remarks by Representative Taylor

*Of Colorado*

Mr. TAYLOR. Mr. Speaker, JOHN ANDREW MARTIN, lawyer, soldier, faithful public servant, loyal son of Colorado, comrade, and friend, has drifted from the lofty mountains of his beloved centennial State to an infinite horizon of eternity beyond our view. The simple, yet inspiring, story of his life is his highest eulogy. In reflecting over it we are able to glimpse into a human heart and perceive the character of a man whose memory will be cherished forever by his legion of friends. Our departed friend would be proud to know that his name is engraved upon the annals of Colorado's history as a typically great pioneer of the West. Yet, prouder by far would he be to know that his memory is indelibly carved in the hearts of all his friends. Thus, "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

JOHN MARTIN was not born to a life of ease. Rather, he was an outstanding example of one who was not subjugated to or daunted by obstacles—he surmounted them with determination. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10, 1868, he spent his boyhood days in the Middle West and received a primary education in the public schools of Mexico and Fulton, Mo. At the age of 12 he was obliged to leave school to work in a tobacco factory. After several years of farming in Kansas, he moved to Colorado, where he commenced working on a railroad. There he learned of the struggles and hardships confronting the laboring class, and, inspired by an earnest desire to improve their lot, he dedicated his life to this purpose. He was always proud of his close affiliation with the railroad industry. Beginning as a track layer, he worked up

to locomotive fireman, his warm, human heart thrilling with joy and teeming with pride as he fired the engine for the first time as it rolled into the capital city of Denver.

Mr. MARTIN was married in 1892 to Miss Rosa May Chitwood, and of this union was born one daughter, Mrs. Gordon Spencer. From that day until his untimely death his wife was not only an admirable helpmate—she was a wonderful balance wheel and inspiration, and as constant and devoted a guardian angel as any man ever had. She saved and prolonged his life many years, and, like countless millions of other wives, she deserves a very large share of the appreciation and distinction her husband received. In 1908 he wrote The Jayhawker, a novel depicting the "dawn life of the prairie West and its people," based on the life of his wife's parents who were pioneer settlers in Kansas.

In 1895 to 1896, Mr. MARTIN published a weekly newspaper in La Junta, Colo., and during that same period served as a member of the city council of that city. He studied law diligently and was admitted to the bar in 1896. A year later he began practicing in Pueblo. He was elected State representative in 1901 and served as city attorney for Pueblo in 1905 and 1906.

During the World War, Mr. MARTIN recruited a volunteer battalion, in which he enlisted as a private, and later was commissioned a major, serving as commanding officer of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Supply Train, Fortieth Division. He has always been proud of his war record, and in Congress has faithfully represented the wishes of his veteran constituency. He served as post commander of the Pueblo Post, No. 2, American Legion, and was also a member of the San Isabel Chapter, No. 2, Disabled American Veterans of the World War.

Step by step, this self-made, self-educated man, rising from humble beginnings, attained honor upon honor until he reached the distinction of becoming a Member of the House of Representatives. It was a long and hard climb for a poor boy to work from a section hand on a railroad in the barren

Dust Bowl of the West to 11 years of distinguished service in Congress. He and I were intimate friends for 40 years. We served together in the State legislature. We were both nominated for Congress the first time at the Pueblo convention in the fall of 1908. He was nominated for the Second Congressional District, which at that time included about three-fourths of the State, and I was nominated as Congressman-at-Large. We were together during most of the campaign. We were both elected and entered Congress on March 4, 1909, the day President Theodore Roosevelt retired and President Taft was inaugurated. He served during the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses, from 1909 to 1913, and then retired voluntarily. He was again elected to the Seventy-third Congress, after a lapse of 20 years from his previous service, and served through each succeeding Congress until his death. It has been my rare and great privilege and pleasure to work by his side during his entire service in the House of Representatives.

Colorado never had a more loyal son. He was always an earnest, conscientious, hard-working Representative who had ever uppermost in his mind the welfare of his district, his State, and his Nation. Above all, he toiled incessantly for the common laborer, the underprivileged. His deep, inherent understanding of the needs of the working class qualified him to very effectively present to Congress his first-hand knowledge of these conditions in working out labor legislation. Always a champion of the laborer, he was an extremely useful member of the subcommittee that worked out the Railroad Retirement Act of 1935 and subsequently the Railroad Unemployment Insurance Act. As a member of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee he helped frame the administration's holding-company legislation and the Civil Aeronautics Authority Act. He was also a member of the subcommittee which drafted the Rural Electrification Act.

JOHN MARTIN has said that if there was one thing he would like people to say of his service in Congress, it was "He worked." All who knew him must attest to his unceasing

efforts actually night and day, in or out of session, all the time. In fact, the immediate cause of his fatal illness was the call of duty which impelled him to make an arduous, man-killing tour of his entire district to learn its conditions and needs from long and heartbreaking unemployment and drought.

He worked on unemployment from the day he took his seat in Congress to the very day he was taken ill. This did not mean simply participating in a legislative way in the support of work relief and public-works programs. It meant going to bat with emergency agencies in Washington week after week in order to answer desperate telegrams from depression-stricken counties which were seeking larger quotas of W. P. A. workers or approval of new and needed projects.

He worked on the drought situation from that blazing hot summer of 1934 on, personally going into every county and making first-hand inspections, doing so under the blistering heat of the sun and wearing out those who attempted to keep up the pace with him. He succeeded in getting those counties designated under the emergency drought program in order that they could qualify for emergency help given by the Federal Government.

He very earnestly and constantly worked with all the various departments, bureaus, and agencies of the Government in behalf of the welfare of his constituents. Today, the Third Congressional District has scores of splendid reminders which stand as monuments to his efforts—C. C. C. improvement and conservation projects, many large P. W. A. and W. P. A. projects, too numerous to enumerate individually.

> The longer on this earth we live
> And weigh the various qualities of men,
> Seeing how most are fugitive—
> The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
> Of plain devotedness to duty,
> Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
> But finding amplest recompense,
> For life's ungarlanded expense,
> In work done squarely and unwasted days.

## JOHN ANDREW MARTIN

The customary limitations of this occasion prevent my humble tribute to a grand soul and a very dear friend from giving any extended résumé of JOHN MARTIN'S infinite variety of services to his constituents in particular and to Colorado and the West in general. I hope someone will compile a suitable review of his life work. It would be a marvelously fine and just tribute to his memory. I think his greatest single work, for which he will be longest remembered and which is now to be realized only after 6 years of persistent and never-ceasing effort on his part is the Caddoa Dam, which will impound and control the gigantic floods and stabilize the flow of the Arkansas River below the dam, thereby enabling the people up the stream in the entire valley in Colorado to use a vast additional amount of vitally needed water for irrigation throughout the dry season. That project will be one of the outstanding great developments in the history of our State, by which tens of thousands of people will be benefited for generations to come. I will not go into the lengthy details concerning the enormous amount of work that he did to bring about that construction. While many others deserve due appreciation, yet I say with all the earnestness and emphasis I have—and I am confident I know whereof I speak—that without the efforts of JOHN MARTIN that project would not be in existence today. As a truly just recognition of his unceasing service, extending over 6 years, that entire project should be officially named the Martin Dam. It does seem to me that by all the instincts of common justice and fair treatment, JOHN MARTIN'S long years of constant, persistent, never-tiring work and successful accomplishment of that gigantic undertaking most richly and rightfully deserve that public and permanent expression of appreciation and gratitude. The history of our Nation and of every State is greatly enriched by such preservation of the names of men who have honored their positions and achieved great accomplishments for the public welfare. Such actions are a perpetual inspiration to the youth of our country.

JOHN MARTIN was intensely American in ideals and point of view. He visited every State in the Union and also visited many of our insular and territorial possessions, including Puerto Rico, Alaska, Hawaii, and Panama. He loved this land of ours with every pulse and fiber within him. His Americanism fired him to make most forceful and eloquent speeches upholding the doctrines and principles upon which our democratic Government was founded. Speaking of subversive influences within this country, he said, in a stirring and patriotic speech on March 3, 1939:

> Apparently the time is at hand when Congress must take cognizance of the growing menace of these subversive activities and pass suitable legislation to deal with them. * * * We want no secret armies in this country, no foreign military uniforms, no alien flag floating above the stars and stripes, no racial group fomenting strife against any other racial group.

Always he was a courageous foe of anti-American doctrines. He was a valiant fighter for whatever he believed to be right, and his was an unswerving idea of right. Of him can truthfully be said:

> Statesman, yet a friend of truth. Of soul sincere,
> In action faithful, and in honor clear;
> Who broke no promise, served no private ends.

JOHN MARTIN sang always of the marvels of Colorado—its grandeur, its beauty, its breath-taking immensity, and its colorful history. In a recent toast to Colorado, he said:

> I propose a toast to Colorado. Its people: How can they fail to measure up to its immensity, its scenery, its history, and its resources? They are of the pioneer type, the people who settled, conquered, and developed this great domain, unearthing its mineral riches, and with infinite pains building the water systems which produce its agricultural wealth and maintain its towns and cities. They have subdued a stern and rugged nature. They have built a Colorado worthy of the eminence given it by its location in the heart of the Nation and at the top of the world.

Truly the sublimity of the mountains and the glories of a great and beautiful State mingled and entered into the character of this great soul. JOHN MARTIN has fully measured up to everything that Colorado typifies.

## JOHN ANDREW MARTIN

It is impossible to fill the place left vacant by friends who have entered the dawn of death. Content are we compelled to be with the wealth of elevated thought and human deeds they accomplished. From the earliest days of JOHN MARTIN'S life he stood for a purpose—that of bettering the life of underprivileged humanity. He played the game of life frankly and on the level. He had the priceless heritage of all the ages—a good name. He knew that he was going this way only once. Because he was true to himself, he was faithful to every trust. His sound philosophy is appropriately expressed in the following creed by Edgar A. Guest. This was JOHN MARTIN'S favorite creed—one which he believed firmly and followed unwaveringly.

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know,
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for things I have done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of a man I really am;
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.
I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I can never hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

In eulogizing the memory of Joseph W. Byrns, the great unforgettable and lovable Speaker of the House of Representatives, JOHN MARTIN said:

> At the end of his famous lecture, Elbert Hubbard used to close with the words, "And be kind; and be kind." Joe Byrns was kind.

JOHN MARTIN, too, was kind. He was a friend of all who knew him. He was never too busy to be courteous and was a favorite with the people in all walks of life. He was just naturally big-hearted. His honesty, simplicity, ruggedness, and stainless character are priceless heirlooms.

During the last few months of his life JOHN MARTIN had reached a decision to retire from Congress at the end of his present term. His cherished dream was to return to his beloved State "to live by the side of the road and be a friend to man." It is mysteriously strange how a beautiful dream can be realized—the magnificent preparation to live becoming the magnificent preparation to die. JOHN MARTIN has returned to his beloved State to rest forever beneath its rugged, vigilant peaks, and its peaceful, cloudless sky. No amount of hardships, no obstacles ever daunted his courage. He faced the frontiers of the next world confidently and with the same serene and courageous spirit. He fought a good fight. He kept the faith.

## Remarks by Representative Lewis

*Of Colorado*

Mr. LEWIS of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, the biography of JOHN ANDREW MARTIN is a record of continuous growth and development. His life was ever onward and upward; a typical American career.

For many, many years we were warm friends—from a time long before 1933, when we began our service together in the House of Representatives, until the day of his death. First I knew him when I was a young boy and he a young man in Pueblo, Colo. Some men reach their maturity in thought and character too soon, and then, like a plant that has grown too fast, suffer, in middle age or later, deterioration if not decay in mind or in character before they actually die. Not so with John.

In temperance of thought, action, and speech, in tolerance, in wisdom, and in character he continued to grow and mature down to the day of his death, December 23, 1939, at the age of 71 years.

Nothing is more tragic or heart rending to friends than to see a man deteriorate in mentality or in character toward the end of his life. We who knew JOHN MARTIN well had no apprehensions that he would ever suffer such a melancholy fate, however long he might live. It is, however, a great tribute to him and a satisfaction to his friends to know that his was a life of continuous progress in service, in wisdom, and in character.

Another solace to his friends is that John died after only a short illness and at a high point of his public career.

The year preceding he had been elected by a large majority to his fourth consecutive term as Representative of the Third Congressional District of Colorado. Years before, from 1909

to 1913, he had served in the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses as one of the Representatives from Colorado and had then voluntarily retired. Only a few months before his death, after 7 years of patient and intelligent effort, he had secured the approval by the Congress and had seen the initiation of work on a great public improvement, near Caddoa, Colo., which for generations to come will be of benefit to many communities in southeastern Colorado and western Kansas—now known as the John Martin Dam and Reservoir on the Arkansas River. He had won, and deserved, the affection, respect, and esteem of his constituents and of all those of both parties who served with him in the Congress of the United States.

Some men, prominent in public life, reach their climax and then, beset by vicissitudes of health and of political fortune, gradually descend into the realm of those who are half forgotten or but faintly remembered. Incapable any longer of effective service, with most of their friends dead, they fade into an innocuous, relatively obscure and rather pathetic old age. JOHN MARTIN was spared any such melancholy anticlimax to his useful public career. Apparently in full health, although manifestly wearied by the labors and exacting duties of the office to which he had so conscientiously devoted himself, in the full possession of his mental powers, and at the very peak of his career, he was swiftly taken away—without the agony of a long and distressing illness.

I have never understood the prayer, "From sudden death, good Lord deliver us." I could not so pray for one who, throughout his long and useful life, had lived as a good man—as did JOHN MARTIN.

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Mr. LEWIS of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, the Honorable JOHN ANDREW MARTIN, Representative in the Congress of the United States from the Third Congressional District of Colorado, died in Washington, D. C., early Friday morning, December

23, 1939. Escorted by a committee of Senators and Representatives his body was removed to Pueblo, Colo., his home for over 40 years, where on Thursday afternoon, December 28, 1939, funeral services were held in the city auditorium by his Masonic brethren and by his comrades of the World War. Interment was made in Mountain View Cemetery in the city and State which he loved and served so well.

On Tuesday afternoon, December 26, 1939, shortly before the departure of the funeral party from Washington, D. C., more than a hundred colleagues and other friends of Representative MARTIN gathered informally to pay to his memory their last tribute of affection and respect. On this occasion the following eulogy was delivered by the Honorable Charles A. Plumley, the Representative in the Congress from the State of Vermont:

TRIBUTE BY REPRESENTATIVE PLUMLEY

JOHN ANDREW MARTIN, late of Colorado, came first to Congress in March 1909. Across the aisle from him as they first took their oath of office as Representatives in the Congress of the United States stood my father, the late Frank Plumley, of Vermont.

Differing diametrically in their partisan politics, these two men were personal friends who had many attributes and characteristics in common. They served together two terms. JOHN MARTIN declined a reelection in 1913 and later was induced to return to Congress. My father declined reelection in 1915, and never again was a candidate for reelection.

Nothing that I can say can add to the fame of either of these two gentlemen. Both, honored by their State and Nation, lived lives studded with extraordinary achievement, and their rank among those with whom they lived and worked was higher than any position either of them ever held; their honor was greater than that of any office bestowed upon or held by either of them.

Our friend JOHN ANDREW MARTIN saw in the holding of public office an opportunity which belongs to no man who does not feel the consequent responsibility and who is not determined to measure up to its obligations. Public life, in his estimation, is honorable only to such as honor it, and the scroll of fame, in his opinion, was for those only who can write their own name on it. Such were the demands he made upon others and which he set for himself. He

gave all he had to the faithful and efficient discharge of the onerous and arduous duties of the offices which he held, and, taking and holding office, he met in full measure the high standard of public duty he set for others and for himself, with an eye always single to the honor and glory of the State from which he came and of the country that he so devotedly loved. The highest obligation which he owed his country as a citizen JOHN ANDREW MARTIN liquidated in full.

"That man is great, and he alone
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither price nor pelf;
Content to know and to be unknown
Whole in himself."

The welfare of this country depends upon such courage and spirit and understanding as actuated our friend with his undeviating sense of honesty, justice, and truth, together with those other virtues and qualities of character he inherently possessed, all of which made him great in spite of himself. Qualities and characteristics which at any time, and at all times, in any person, have won and always will win a positive and indestructible claim to a place among the select nobility of mankind.

Occasions such as this that make us meet here this afternoon give us to understand how William Dean Howells felt, and we can appreciate just what he was thinking about and know exactly what he meant when he wrote his never-to-be-forgotten poem entitled, "The Bewildered Guest"—who speaks as follows:

"I was not asked if I should like to come,
I have not seen my host here since I came,
Or had a word of welcome in his name.
Some say that we shall never see him, and some
That we shall see him elsewhere, and then know
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the slightest notion. None they say,
Was ever told when he should come or go.
But every now and then there burst upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes our joys
Dumb in our breasts; and then, some one is gone.
They say we meet him. None knows where or when.
We know that we shall not meet him here again."

"But in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing," and John Burroughs, born the

same year as his contemporary Howells and who survived him for 1 year, strikes a sweeter and a different chord, comforts us by making us temporarily unmindful of our bewilderment, and under circumstances similar to those in which we find ourselves today, he writes:

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate.
For lo! my own shall come to me!
"The stars come nightly to the sky:
The tidal wave unto the sea,
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

I have lived long enough to know that there is no heroic poem in the world but in reality is a biography of a man; that there is no life of a man faithfully recorded but is in itself an heroic poem, rhymed or unrhymed. So it seems to me that—

"Perchance beyond the veil unreal there lies
Somewhere fulfillment we now court in vain;
Perchance beyond this haggard life that dies
Dwells that for which our spent ideals strain.

"We play with life, a game that ends in losing,
And yet still must be played, though cards are stacked.
What matter if the deal is not our choosing?
What matter if we play with bodies racked
By pain or filled with joy? The game is such
We gamble till death shows the winning hand.
Yes: truly we must trust God overmuch
To play a game we do not understand.
It might be that the game is never ended
Though death may win from life, there still may be
A power beyond time, uncomprehended,
That does not fear to fight for such as we.
To futures that forever will endure
This life and death may be the overture."

Finally, I doubt if I could pay our friend a finer or more deserved tribute than to say that through the years as I have observed him and heard him and known him he constantly reminded me of Abraham Lincoln. Many, many others have been similarly reminded.

Lincoln-like he was; and as Edwin Markham said of Lincoln, so may we say of JOHN ANDREW MARTIN:

"He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise—
Towering in calm, rough-hewn sublimity.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

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Mr. LEWIS of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, on Thursday afternoon, December 28, 1939, funeral services were held in the municipal auditorium in Pueblo, Colo., for the Honorable JOHN ANDREW MARTIN, the Representative in the Congress of the United States from the Third Congressional District of Colorado. In JOHN MARTIN'S home city no church or edifice other than the municipal auditorium was sufficiently large to accommodate the thousands of JOHN'S friends from all parts of Colorado who sought by their presence to pay to the memory of their beloved Congressman their tribute of respect, admiration, and affection.

At these services an eminent lawyer and old-time friend, Mr. John B. Barnard, of Pueblo, delivered the following eulogy to JOHN A. MARTIN:

ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN B. BARNARD

Were a secular text to be selected for this eulogy to JOHN A. MARTIN, which can only be inadequate, I should choose one from the public utterances of Abraham Lincoln. Speaking on the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the Great Emancipator said of him: "As well attempt to augment the brilliance of the sun or the luster of the stars as to try to add to the glory of the name of Washington. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

JOHN MARTIN'S life has been lived. He has carved his name in high and commanding letters in the hall of fame. Nothing I will or can say here may add to or detract from the honor, respect, and love for him which are in the hearts of countless thousands of his neighbors and countrymen. Many of them are with

him today for the last time. He has walked in the paths of the mighty as one of them, and he has sat in the seats of the lowly as one of them. The great and the humble, the rich and the poor, men and women in all walks of life, who have known this great friend of ours, have always respected, admired, and loved him; they deeply mourn his passing; and they will forever cherish his memory.

On April 10, 1868, JOHN ANDREW MARTIN was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, the son of Hugh Martin and Ann Bohen Martin. On September 6, 1902, at Wellington, Kans., he was married to Rose May Chitwood, with whom he spent almost a half century of loving and understanding companionship. In addition to his widow, of his immediate family, he is survived by his daughter, Stella Martin Spencer, and his granddaughter, Sally Spencer, of La Junta, Colo.; by three brothers, Tom E. Martin, of Pueblo; Edward Martin, of Hutchinson, Kans., and Hugh Martin, of Dacoma, Okla.; and by one sister, Anna Carlile, of Cincinnati, Ohio. No word which we can say will be effective to assuage their grief. May God grant that it be some comfort to them to know that all of us here, and thousands who are not here, share their sorrow; and that we, as they, mourn the passing of a great and righteous man.

JOHN MARTIN'S life has seen him engaged in many and varied activities. His early years were spent on a farm near Turon, in western Kansas. From there he came to Colorado, and his first task was to help to build the Colorado Midland Railroad through the giant Rockies. He was next employed as a locomotive fireman by the Santa Fe; and while so engaged, he read law with such good purpose that in 1896 he was admitted to the bar of Colorado and, with the exception of the periods spent in the Congress of the United States, has continuously practiced his profession since that time. No abler advocate of right and justice ever stood before the bar.

In 1901 he was elected a representative to the general assembly of the State from Pueblo County and served as such for one term. In 1908 he was elected to the Congress of the United States and served until 1913, at which time he returned to the practice of law in Pueblo. In 1932 he was again elected to Congress. By tremendous votes of confidence he was returned in 1934, 1936, and 1938; and only recently he announced that it would be impossible for him again to serve his district in the lower House. He desired to return to private life to pass his sunset years. He wanted to live again in a house by the side of the road, and there, beyond the strain and stress of public life, as he always lived, remain, a

friend to man. He was bodily weary with the weight of his years and his labors; but his spirit was as young and flaming as it was in the days of his youth.

Men, all men, have virtues and frailties; so with JOHN A. MARTIN. His many virtues so overwhelmingly outnumbered his few faults, that the latter have been written upon the sands, and the winds of eternity have blown them afar. But his virtues as a husband, a father, a soldier, a statesman, an American are carved in the everlasting granite of remembrance, which no shifting sand may ever efface or despoil.

Perhaps the highest quality he possessed, one which endeared him to so many people, was his rugged, sterling honesty. Numbers of people differed with him in his policies and beliefs; but no single one of them ever expressed or held any doubt but that he was honest in thought in arriving at his convictions. He invariably followed the honest dictates of his own conscience, regardless of personal fortune or public opinion.

Love of his country with him was a fetish. When America submitted to the inevitable and entered the World War as a belligerent, JOHN MARTIN immediately sought enlistment. Over the age of active service, the head and support of his family, he was declined enrollment. Undaunted in his determination to serve, he recruited, by his own efforts, a battalion of National Guardsmen in Pueblo, entered the army as a private, later was elevated to the rank of major, and was placed in command of the battalion he recruited. Many of the men who served under him are here today. It was a source of the keenest regret to him that the inflexible rules which govern the movement of men at arms of our Nation did not permit him to lead his men into action in France. More than life, he cherished his military service.

Returning from the army to civilian life, he again took up the practice of the law. To the end that the flame of patriotism, kindled in the hearts of men by the war, should continue to burn brightly, he enthusiastically joined with others who had served in the armed forces, in the organization of Pueblo Post No. 2, of the American Legion, later was its commander, and served as a member of the National Americanism Commission of that organization.

His patriotic service to his country did not end with his discharge from the Army. After the war was over there came into existence in this country groups and organizations whose creed was the violent overthrow of the Government of the United

States of America. To them the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were mere scraps of paper. They planned to destroy, by force, all of the traditions and institutions which succeeding generations have builded upon those immortal documents. These insidious, traitorous groups and individuals met one of their most implacable, most courageous foes in JOHN A. MARTIN. In his office, on the streets, in the halls of Congress, wherever he appeared and spoke, his clarion voice he raised in defense of Americanism and in defiance of its enemies.

He climaxed years of battle against anti-American doctrines when, on Washington's birthday this year, he arose in the chamber of the House and, his white hair shining and his gray eyes flashing fire, he delivered a philippic which should take its merited rank with the great utterances of great Americans. No eulogy to JOHN MARTIN would be complete without quoting from this soul-stirring address to the Congress. He said, in part, speaking of a meeting of a certain hyphenated group:

"Every man in that mass meeting who was in sympathy with it is a traitor to American democracy and government, whether he is still an unnaturalized alien or was born on American soil."

Again:

" 'My fellow Christian Americans' are the words taken by the press from the lips of the fuehrer in America of a pagan dictatorship which has denied God, suppressed the Bible, persecuted Christianity, and reviled the founder of the Christian religion as 'a dirty Jew pig.' "

And closing he cried:

"Shades of Washington, must such things be tolerated in the name of liberty on the free soil of America? God save America from Nazi Christian Americanism!"

His clarion voice is stilled. He has gone to meet Almighty God there to account for his stewardship. And when the life of this crusading Christian is reviewed in the Great Beyond, JOHN MARTIN will hear the gentle voice of the Saviour saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of the Lord."

Three score years and ten have passed since April 10, 1868, and today we gather here to bid farewell to him who was born on that day and has lived so full a life among us. God rest your soul, our friend. In Valhalla, which we all shall some day reach, we shall again clasp your hand and call you friend and comrade. From your falling hands you have thrown the torch; we have caught it; we shall hold it high; we shall not break faith with you. Goodbye, JOHN MARTIN.

Mr. LEWIS of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, under the leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following tribute to the memory of our late colleague, JOHN A. MARTIN, by Hon. Edwin C. Johnson, Senator from Colorado:

TRIBUTE BY SENATOR JOHNSON

Truly JOHN MARTIN'S remarkable and singular qualities not only have distinguished him among men, but have destined the void bequeathed by him to go unfilled. His letters and his speeches bore a peculiar, simple, and eloquent style that required no other mark to identify them as his work. He was author and sincere student, historian and genial companion, orator and patient listener, soldier and sympathetic humanitarian, patriot and idealistic philosopher—these were the paradoxical qualities of his nature and talent. Forthright in his convictions, he held no malice and was quick to overlook the untoward thought and act. He reverently communed with the spirits of his country's great in the shadows of the old historical landmarks of colonial America and never ceased to be thrilled to the depths of his responsive soul by their patriotic implications. JOHN MARTIN found perfect contentment in the quiet fullness of his home, a good book dealing with the tribulations and hopes of his people, his cherished pipe and tobacco, and above and beyond all, the devoted companionship of his loving wife and family. The inspiration of his wholesome personality lives, vibrant and strong.

## Remarks by Representative Sabath

*Of Illinois*

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, "The night comes on that knows not morn."

When night came without a morn for JOHN ANDREW MARTIN not only did the membership of the House lose a substantial friend, but the whole country lost a sterling, seasoned legislator whose broad-ranging activities were characterized by wisdom and high-mindedness. In other words, our good friend was not circumscribed by State lines and provincialism.

Mr. MARTIN entered the Congress 2 years after my service began, and although he served only 4 years at that time, he exhibited the results of his successful experience in law and as a State legislator. It is a matter of regret that he did not choose to continue here, he having retired voluntarily, when experienced legislators were indispensable, following the panic of 1907 and when our tariff-making was, under leadership of such men as Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Tawney, and Mr. Payne, undergoing a radical and, to my mind, an unwise change. And men of Mr. MARTIN's experience and capacity were especially needed because we Democrats were not numerically strong immediately before the reins of government were committed to our keeping just after the Taft administration, when we were faced by the necessity of enacting a new and salutary tariff law.

I need not recite to the present membership of the House the lovable traits of character and the important and persistently intelligent work of our departed friend since he rejoined us at the beginning of the Sixty-third Congress with, I was pleased to observe, new potency born of well-directed industry during his absence. Those qualities constitute for all, regardless of political affiliations, a pleasing memory.

My association with Mr. MARTIN was somewhat close, and the longer I knew him the greater, if possible, my respect and admiration for him. In legislative matters I always found that the standard to which he subjected any proposed legislation, whether it be by friend or foe, to be this, How will it affect all the people of the United States? And measured by highest and most exacting tests, our friend was a real success.

He, with meticulous accuracy, judged the best interests, the proper desires, and the laudable wishes not only of his appreciating constituency but of the whole country. His fondest desideratum was peace, unity, happy tranquillity, industry, and the preservation of the basic principles of true Americanism, which he understood so well and worked so hard to preserve, stimulate, and promote. He was ever alive, especially during the last few years, to the contagion of false doctrines, to all that was wicked in intent and treacherous in conduct.

Our good friend knew well that throughout all history the government of nations has been a determinative factor for good or evil, harmony or discord, progress or retrogression, peace or war; and that is why he always worked so cautiously. He knew the dangers of uncertainty and instability in legislation; and he always bore in mind and encouraged true brotherhood, world peace, health, happiness, and prosperity from the national standpoint. His standard of righteousness and judgment always measured up to the criterion of truth. For him there was nothing so sweet as duty, and the best pleasures of life came in the wake of duties well done. In a world said by many to be too much influenced by frivolity—gin, jazz, and joy—we had a safe anchor in the person of this honorable deceased.

As editor, lawyer, legislator, and soldier this good man learned the problems and the aspirations of the so-called lowly, and he never failed to act as he thought best in their behalf. Mr. MARTIN'S final test of a gentleman was this: His respect for those who could be of no possible service to him.

He appreciated that prosperity gets followers, but adversity distinguishes them.

When Mr. MARTIN appeared for the last time before the Committee on Rules, of which I have the honor to be chairman, he spoke with clarity and reason for a rule for his wool bill; and, since he was ever my good and accommodating friend, it pained me that, due to the condition of the legislative calendar in the closing days of the last regular session, it was not practicable to grant a rule for consideration of his proposal. It would have pleased me immeasurably to see his bill enacted into law.

The courage and intelligence with which our friend embarked on his quest for sound and remedial legislation, his gentleness, and his adamant opposition to all forms of menacing legislation, immorality and violence have given his particular stamp to many years of this House's wholesome and progressive development.

The 12 years of his service here are brightened with inspired deeds and utterances which record his name among the noblest of his illustrious contemporaries and predecessors; and we who would emulate his virtues cannot fail to profit by them.

## Remarks by Representative Kennedy

*Of New York*

Mr. MARTIN J. KENNEDY. Mr. Speaker, ladies, and gentlemen, today it is my privilege to pay tribute to one of the most gentlemanly and picturesque characters I have been permitted since coming to serve here in this House to call a friend. That friend was JOHN ANDREW MARTIN, late Representative of the Third Congressional District of Colorado. Mr. MARTIN was an experienced legislator and served with great distinction as a member of the important Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

On December 24 last he left us for greater rewards. His passing has caused a deep feeling of lonesomeness and cast a shadow over the Christmas holidays.

Mr. MARTIN came to Washington and this House by the "hard way." He was an alumnus of the school of experience, and as a result of his early training he gained a fine knowledge and understanding of human nature. Because of his experience he took a philosophical view of our problems, and his generous outlook and kindness endeared him to everyone in the Capitol.

He could be a diplomat when the occasion required, as well as boldly frank. He enjoyed rough-and-tumble debate, and always accepted the result most graciously.

It was my pleasure to have served with him on the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and, as a result of this association, I came to know him intimately. During tense sessions of the committee when nerves were strained and feelings on edge, his wisdom and wit more than once came to the rescue to bring about a solution of the problem.

Few Members of Congress, in my time, possessed such a record of personal accomplishment as Mr. MARTIN. Farmer,

railroad man, and editor of a newspaper, he found time to read law, to be admitted to the bar, and to be elected to the Colorado General Assembly. In his own autobiography he said, "Defeated for reelection, 1902; for State senator, 1904; for congressional nomination, 1906."

His public career started back when no small number of us were mere infants in arms. Although older in years than many of us, he had a spirit which made him the counsel and friend of the younger men. Always full of energy and enthusiasm, he was ever ready to enter the arena to fight for a worthy cause or to rescue a colleague who was caught in a legislative or parliamentary battle. He was well versed in the rules of the House, but never used that knowledge of the rules unfairly.

JOHN MARTIN was always doing nice things for people. He was especially solicitous of labor and railroad labor in particular. His interest was deep and personal and persisted until he actually obtained much favorable legislation for his coworkers on the railroads.

An intensely loyal and patriotic citizen of the West, Representative MARTIN brought to his office a love of people, regardless of race, color, or creed. His only dislike was for things un-American.

We shall miss his hearty laugh and happy smile, but I am sure that we shall never forget JOHN MARTIN because of his devotion to duty, his sterling character, and his love of God and man.

## Remarks by Representative Bulwinkle

*Of North Carolina*

Mr. BULWINKLE. Mr. Speaker, as chairman of the Committee on Memorials, I wish to extend my remarks upon the life, character, and public services of the Honorable JOHN A. MARTIN, Congressman from the State of Colorado, by inserting in the Record the address of the Honorable Alva B. Adams, Senator from the State of Colorado, and a letter addressed to me as chairman of the committee.

UNITED STATES SENATE,
COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC LANDS AND SURVEYS,
*April 23, 1940.*

The Honorable A. L. BULWINKLE,
*Chairman, Committee on Memorials,*
*House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.*

MY DEAR CONGRESSMAN: With further reference to the memorial services to be held in the House of Representatives on Wednesday morning, April 24, I herewith send you for filing, my remarks on the life, character, and public service of the late JOHN A. MARTIN, Congressman from the Third Congressional District, Colorado.

Yours very truly,

ALVA B. ADAMS,

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REMARKS BY HON. ALVA B. ADAMS, OF COLORADO

The record of the life of JOHN A. MARTIN is one of service to mankind in many fields of earnest struggle to improve the lot of others, especially those upon whom the hand of fate rested heavily.

As a young man he joined with fellow workmen in a great battle to improve the wage and working conditions of workers in the great railroad industry. His efforts cost him his job. Undaunted, he turned to other fields. With struggle and sacrifice he qualified himself for admission to the bar. He was a good lawyer, but his talents were most happily and most generally engaged as the advocate and defender of the oppressed and the unfortunate.

Called into political service by his fellow citizens, JOHN A. MARTIN distinguished himself in the State legislature by consistent and usually successful fighting against economic wrong and oppression

and against abuses of the elective franchise which in some communities denied to many their just and constitutional rights.

When the World War came, inspired by devotion to his country and to the principles of liberty and democracy for which it was fighting, though over the age for enforced military service, JOHN MARTIN abandoned his profitable legal business and not only enlisted as a private in the Army but recruited a regiment for war service. He was commissioned a major. To his great regret, he was denied an opportunity to see active service with the American forces in Europe. He was ever in both private and public life a friend and supporter of every measure for the welfare of his comrades in arms.

JOHN MARTIN served in Congress from 1909 to 1913, declining to be a candidate for reelection. His constituents again drafted him for their Representative in the House of Representatives in 1932, where he continued until called to higher service on December 23, 1939.

In Congress, as in all his life, JOHN MARTIN continued to battle for the less fortunate and for the cause of the weak and oppressed. He was an orator of power and persuasiveness. Whether on the floor of Congress, in conference, or on the platform, his earnestness, his frank integrity, his well-stored and logical mind always held the interest of and secured consideration from all who heard him.

He never rested in the pursuit of the welfare of his constituents. There were no vacations for him from his efforts on behalf of those who had entrusted their interests to his care.

His constituents are constructing in his home city a memorial in his honor. Most appropriately this memorial to a man who ever battled for the unfortunate will provide needed care and medical attention for children who are victims of sickness and misfortune.

However, JOHN MARTIN did not restrict his interests or his efforts to his congressional district. He was a loyal, devoted citizen of the entire country.

He was my Congressman. For 40 years he had been my neighbor and dear friend.

JOHN A. MARTIN was a true patriot, and I join with you, his colleagues, in sorrow and regret at his passing.

## Remarks by Representative Burdick

*Of North Dakota*

Mr. BURDICK. Mr. Speaker, in the death of Congressman JOHN A. MARTIN, of Colorado, the people of the United States have sustained what I believe to be an irreparable loss. No man ever sat in the House of Representatives who was his peer in patriotism and devotion to our democracy. At the same time he worked overtime to make this Government better. He was not afraid to speak out and condemn the evils that have developed in our system of government. His knowledge of government, his logic, and power of argument were always trained on the mistakes of our Government. Yet those great powers of his were at the same time trained against all enemies of this Government who advocated its destruction. Men of the type of JOHN A. MARTIN can easily be misunderstood for the reason that the number of men in this country who have his most excellent viewpoint is relatively small.

Those who heard him demand the correction of the evils of government; those who heard him insist upon making our Government serve the interest of the men, women, and children of the lower strata of our population, who not only need but deserve protection, would brand him as a "troublesome progressive," who was not content to acquiesce in things as they are in government. Those who heard him condemn that radical element in this country who openly assert that this Government must be dispensed with and a new one set up would brand him as a servile instrument of the capitalistic class. Few men in the United States, and a rare few in the Congress of the United States, desire to take or ever have taken that stand which JOHN A. MARTIN defended to his last breath.

## JOHN ANDREW MARTIN

Others who shall pay tribute to the memory of JOHN A. MARTIN will tell of his official record and his background, but I desire to speak of him as I saw him here in Congress. A short synopsis of his record will serve the purpose I have in view. He was a farmer, a railroad man, lawyer, newspaper editor, soldier, and statesman. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10, 1868, and died in the city of Washington, D. C., December 23, 1939.

He never appeared to be a man past 70, and when in action in the Well of the House, with his snow-white hair and ruddy face, he seemed to possess the power of youth. He was a natural orator as I interpret the meaning of the word. He created immediate attention in the first paragraph of his speech and held it to the end; when he had finished, those who heard him remembered what he said. Is there anything else an oration can do?

His philosophy was to help and assist those who were unfortunate; he was a friend of the poor and the needy. He abhorred charity and many times said that our economic mistakes could not be cured by charity. He insisted that every citizen of the United States should have an equal opportunity in our economic system. He was outspoken against special privilege; and on this issue he never erred, as his votes in the House will disclose.

JOHN MARTIN was endowed with a delightful personality, and from his struggles in reading law while a fireman on the Santa Fe Railroad he knew what work was. From that experience his whole nature was in sympathy with those who toil. He was honest with himself and, accordingly, with everyone else. He was liked by every Member of Congress; and from his repeated elections in Colorado, he must have been at least one Member of Congress who was admired by the home folks.

His struggle here in Congress to assist the people in Colorado and the Nation who were in distress wore him out. He intended to retire from Congress at the close of the Seventy-

sixth Congress and rest. But that was not to be; he died in the harness, working for the plain people of this great country. No one ever represented them more faithfully and more efficiently in the Congress of the United States; and while his body is dead, his works remain in a permanent record of the affairs and history of this great Republic. His spirit still lives, and his labors here on earth will be an inspiration to the youth of today and to the unborn generations who will come after us.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! We find it so.
We sought and searched and now we know.
There is no death! Across the way
We find new life, a better day.
Our newer home where love is king,
Where every soul with praise doth sing.

There is no death! What seemed a pall
Was but a shadow over all,
Above there floats in heavenly space
God's angel, with a glowing face;
His wings of peace so calmly spread
To cover those that we call dead!
They, in the morning, fresh and bright,
Shall rise to clearer, better sight;
They'll breathe with love's eternal breath
And sing, Thank God, there is no death!

O, men arise, shake off thy fear,
Look up and smile, nor shed a tear;
Prepare to live so well on earth
That thou shalt know the larger birth.
O, live so closely to God's love
That when His angels from above
Shall whisper in thy listening ear,
Each word thou shalt most plainly hear.
Press forward! Live as they have said;
Thou, too, shalt prove, There are no dead!

—*Harrie Vernette Rhodes.*

## Remarks by Representative Hope

*Of Kansas*

Mr. HOPE. Mr. Speaker, I esteem it a privilege to have this opportunity to pay a tribute to my friend, JOHN A. MARTIN. I became acquainted with Mr. MARTIN soon after the opening of the Seventy-fourth Congress, and we remained firm friends until his death. JOHN MARTIN was an able man, a man of strong convictions which he was always ready to defend with courage and ability. He had the distinction of having served two terms in Congress many years ago, after which he voluntarily retired. He was a successful lawyer for many years; and notwithstanding the fact that he was far beyond the age for military service, he volunteered for service during the World War, attaining the rank of major.

JOHN MARTIN was a self-made man. He understood the problems of the average man, because he had been in contact with those problems himself. He was generous in his sympathies and had a splendid capacity for friendship.

We represented adjoining districts which had many problems in common. Consequently, we were associated in many matters of interest to our districts. Particularly through these contacts, I learned to appreciate JOHN MARTIN as an associate and a friend. His place will be hard to fill.

## Remarks by Representative Thomason

*Of Texas*

Mr. THOMASON. Mr. Speaker, this hour is consecrated to the memory of friends who have lain down too weary ever again to rise in mortal form but who will live in our hearts so long as we have breath.

I respected JOHN A. MARTIN as one who stood for all that is finest and best in American traditions. He knew the hardships and privations of the pioneer, as he went to Colorado from Missouri in a covered wagon.

He was a true liberal, a self-made man, who from his tender years was compelled to make his own living. He had a World War record of which any man might well be proud, and long years of faithful and devoted public service.

He had faith in democracy, veneration for the great founders of this Government, an understanding of men and measures. He believed and exemplified in his life that "though a man walk with kings, he should never lose the common touch."

I had the pleasure of a long sea journey with him and during the intimacy of those quiet days learned to know and love him as a man who placed duty to his country above personal comfort and desire, whose high ideals, high principles and noteworthy achievements placed him in the first rank of public men.

There is little I can add to the tributes paid him here today, but I shall never forget him and my life is richer for having known him.

## Remarks by Representative Rich

*Of Pennsylvania*

Mr. RICH. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join in paying tribute to the memory of my late colleague and fellow member, JOHN A. MARTIN, from the State of Colorado. Throughout his career of public service he gave himself unstintingly in the performance of his many and arduous duties. His sterling personal qualities and outstanding ability won for him the esteem and respect of all with whom he came in contact. It has been my privilege and pleasure to know and work with JOHN MARTIN. His death came as a great shock to his host of friends throughout the Nation. His life was marked by many worthy achievements and his name will long be remembered as that of one who wrought much and well for the district in which he lived and the State and Nation to whom he devoted his life.

## Remarks by Representative Coffee

*Of Washington*

Mr. COFFEE of Washington. Mr. Speaker, in the tragic passing of the late JOHN MARTIN, Colorado lost a great and distinguished son, this body a statesman of profound attainments, and the United States of America a legislator of sound liberalism and a warm heart.

It was always a glorious sight to see the silver-haired JOHN MARTIN standing in the Well of the House courageously championing the rights of minorities, of the worker, of the farmer, of the underprivileged—always with good humor, his speeches ever marked with chuckles and a pleasant manner. We miss him in this body. We need him here now. His record is an inspiration to those of us who follow after him.

In the liberal bloc of this House, JOHN MARTIN took an active part. His counsels were always welcome and valuable. His advice sprang from a life of public service and of varied contacts. He was a man of industry, of engaging personality, of infectious charm.

Mr. Speaker, I feel a deep sense of sorrow in the death of JOHN MARTIN. Often I have thought how much I would like to have advised the citizens of his home city of Pueblo of the high regard entertained for JOHN MARTIN by his colleagues here of all political parties. No matter how pointed were his attacks upon political adversaries, the sting was not a personal one, because the javelins of satire and criticism with which his speeches were replete were always barbed with good humor.

JOHN MARTIN, you have gone to your eternal abode, but your spirit lingers with us. You have tossed the torch to us. We hope to continue for a time, God willing, as evangels of that new day and new order which will bring decorum out of chaos, equity out of injustice, and provide opportunity for

all in this land we love so much. You have carved your name in our hearts and minds. You have made an indelible contribution to legislation. Your work will endure.

Mr. Speaker, one of the saddest features of one's service in this great legislative body is the time when a colleague, by the stroke of an inscrutable destiny, is removed from our "clubby" midst. The handclasp which once gladdened our day is no more, and we know that the eyes which once lighted when they saw us are dimmed in death's depressing pose. The mind which illumined and inspired is sequestered in the sepulcher—yet the memory of the fellowship and of the statesmanship lingers with us throughout the years. We are the product of the cumulative inspiration given to us by our fellows. I know that my life has been brightened and my lot made easier because of intimate contacts and genial fellowship with a grand and great Congressman such as indubitably was the late JOHN ANDREW MARTIN.

## Remarks by Representative Lea

*Of California*

Mr. LEA. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks I enclose the following resolution adopted by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce:

In the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, the United States House of Representatives, on the 30th day of April, 1940.

*Resolved,* That the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives expresses its profound sorrow and the feeling of great loss in the death of our beloved colleague, the Honorable JOHN A. MARTIN. During his service as a member of this committee, Congressman MARTIN was conscientious in his attendance and most earnestly devoted to his duties. He was a very hard worker and a most vigorous champion of causes to which he committed himself. He had long been a student of transportation and especially of railroad problems, and his information on the subject was very comprehensive. His practical experience as a railroader during his young manhood enabled him to render the committee great assistance on many occasions. He had a rare sense of humor and a genial disposition which held the affection of even those with whom he differed sharply on questions of principle. He was intensely devoted to his country's welfare and did not spare himself in his public service.

The members of this committee who were associated with him will always remember him because of his pleasing personality and his sincere and intelligent service to his fellow man. Be it further

*Resolved,* That this resolution be entered in the records of this committee, and that a copy of same be sent to the family of Mr. MARTIN, with assurances of our deep sympathy.

CLARENCE F. LEA, *Chairman.*
ELTON J. LAYTON, *Clerk.*

## Remarks by Representative Izac

*Of California*

Mr. IZAC. Mr. Speaker, many of us who serve in the House of Representatives pride ourselves on being progressives or liberals or supporters of a government philosophy which teaches that the state was made for man and not man for the state.

The best example of this philosophy in action was the gentleman from Colorado whom we mourn today. JOHN MARTIN was an inspiration and a guide to those of us younger and less-learned Members of the House who have consistently striven to make more secure the lives and the liberties of the American people.

JOHN MARTIN was to me the Bill of Rights itself: If in doubt on a particular legislative issue, I knew I could with confidence follow my friend from Colorado.

In 4 short years it is not always possible to properly evaluate the qualifications and the character of a man, but I am sure of one thing: That JOHN MARTIN by his deep sincerity and his great human sympathy endeared himself to every one of us, his colleagues, and with his passing not only have we lost a friend, but the great cause of service to humanity has lost its foremost champion in the Congress of the United States.

# Proceedings
in the
# House of Representatives

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# Proceedings in the House

WEDNESDAY, *January 3, 1940.*

This being the day fixed by the twentieth amendment of the Constitution for the annual meeting of the Congress of the United States, the Members of the House of Representatives of the Seventy-sixth Congress met in their Hall, and at 12 o'clock noon were called to order by the Speaker, Hon. William B. Bankhead, a Representative from the State of Alabama.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our Father, infinite in goodness and wisdom, we approach Thy altar of prayer. We thank Thee for that love which sings through the ages and whose tremendous comfort we may feel as the years pass by. We pray for that guidance which enables us to weave in the great loom of life characters which shall stand the judgment of time. In these perilous days hush our souls to meet the shocks of this mad world, wearying along in sands and thorns and in the bitterness of unbridled passion. O for that peace which Thou hast promised! We look upon the mountain and it is not there; upon the valley and it is dark; upon the horizon and we see the faintest star. O lift and strengthen Thy right hand in the darkness that the high arms of the tyranny of war may be broken. Inspire us with the hardy, adventurous souls that first christened the hillsides and plains of our young Republic. Grant that hope, faith, and courage may burn with living fire along the faltering paths of our country until it finds its full fruition in the spirit of the Master. By worth and service, by fortitude and patriotism, may the Congress earn the right to stand erect among the underscored servants of our free land. In the folds of divine care, in the

embrace of a Father's love, bless and guide our President, our Speaker, the Members, and officers and employees.

Our Father of mercy and glory, how frail and transitory our span of life; our ranks are appallingly broken. They toiled and felt the rugged ways of time and passed on with the pledge of Thy power that death is just a phase of life that flows on and on. They are now where they behold the unforgotten faces and where the lost ones speak again. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Mr. TAYLOR. Mr. Speaker, on behalf of the Colorado delegation, I announce with deep regret the death in Washington, D. C., on December 23, 1939, of our colleague, Hon. JOHN A. MARTIN, Representative from the Third Congressional District of Colorado.

Mr. MARTIN and I came to the Congress together on March 4, 1909. He served here 4 years and then retired voluntarily. He came back to the House in 1933 and has served here ever since.

Mr. Speaker, our State has lost one of our finest citizens and Congress has lost one of its most efficient and hard-working Members. Every day of his life his whole heart beat for common humanity. The underprivileged people of our country have lost one of the most loyal, devoted, courageous, and conscientious friends they ever had. I knew him well for nearly a half century. He was indeed a noble character and our beloved Commonwealth will revere his memory for many years to come. At an appropriate later date I hope to deliver a more extended tribute to his life, character, and public services to our country and to Colorado.

Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 334) as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN A. MARTIN, a Representative from the State of Colorado.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the deceased Member, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 7 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, January 4, 1940, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MONDAY, *January 8, 1940.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

*Resolved,* That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN A. MARTIN, late a Representative from the State of Colorado.

*Resolved,* That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

# Proceedings
in the
# United States Senate

# Proceedings in the Senate

THURSDAY, *January 4, 1940.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JOHN A. MARTIN, late a Representative from the State of Colorado, and transmitted the resolution of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore laid before the Senate the following resolution (H. Res. 334) from the House of Representatives, which was read:

*Resolved,* That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN A. MARTIN, a Representative from the State of Colorado.

*Resolved,* That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. ADAMS. Mr. President, I send to the desk a resolution, which I ask to have read, and for which I ask present consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 207) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

*Resolved,* That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN A. MARTIN, late a Representative from the State of Colorado.

*Resolved,* That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Member of the House I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock p. m.) the Senate adjourned, the adjournment being under the order previously entered, until Monday, January 8, 1940, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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